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# THE MAN OF THE FUTURE

A DRAMA

—: In Three Acts, By :—

RICHARD RAWLINGS WATERS.

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# The Man of the Future,

A

DRAMA IN THREE ACTS,

BY

RICHARD RAWLINGS WATERS.

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LILIAN RUSHVILLE,
(Act 3rd, Scene 3rd.)

Invention climbs the peaks to meet the morn;
Achievement sets his face toward the stars;
The giant, Labor, leads his brawny ranks
In order beautiful over bloodless fields,—
And Progress wakes the world with trumpet tones.

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## To the Theatrical Managers, Actors, and Actresses.

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1902

*ESTEEMED FRIENDS:*

*I submit this Drama to you, and I hope it will meet with your approval. My object, of course, is to have my Play presented, and, in order to effect this, I am willing to give the producer a very large share of the profits; for I* **have** *written other plays and I* **can** *write more--in fact, I can afford to be especially generous to the manager who will present this Play. "The Man of the Future" embraces the following salient points: A pleasing title, inexpensive scenery, simple and effective properties, original wit, a blending of pathos and humor, fidelity to the rules of the drama, clearly delineated characters, continuous action, absorbing situations, frequent and powerful appeals to the passions, and a startling climax. I hope this Drama will suit you. If so, please confer with me at once, resting assured that I shall treat you kindly and generously; for the producer of my Play is my benefactor, and to his interest I am willing to sacrfice selfishness, and do him every favor within my reach. I am yonrs most respectfully,*

**R. R. WATERS,**
**Laurel, Indiana, Box 195.**

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# The Man of the Future.

## A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS,

BY RICHARD RAWLINGS WATERS.

Place, or scene of action, Chicago; time, 2050, A. D.

The list of properties with directions, the stage specifications, the dress of characters and important suggestions to the actors and the actresses, will be given on application to the author.

## CHARACTERS ENGAGED.

**MR. TWISTED** (leading man) . . . . . *The Man of the Future*
TRUMAN . . . . . *The Superintendent of an Electrocution Station*
MR. RUSHVILLE, (husband of Mrs. Rushville) . . . . . *An Electrocutioner*
BURLY RUSHVILLE, (his son) . . . . . *A College Student*
BLAWSTEDBOY, (a dual character) . . . . . *American and an assumed Duke*
DOCTOR DRYBOOK . . . . . *A Minister of Scientific Theology*
PROF PROBEM . . . . . *An Athlete of Howlharve College*
YELLUM . . . . . *A Time Caller*
SMITH JOHN . . . . . *A Condemned Criminal*
**LILIAN RUSHVILLE** (leading lady) . . . . . *A Lovable Woman*
MRS RUSHVILLE, (her mother) . . . . . *A Wicked Woman*
A BUG HUNTER . . . . . *Wedded to science*
A YOUNG LADY (very nervous) . . . . . *Seeking suicide*
A SUICIDE (man, quite positive) . . . . . *Electrocuted*

Bigby, John and assistant, Mrs. Rushville's servants. Six relatives of Smith John—three men and three women. Four stretcher carriers. A foot-ball player and his friends—6 or more. A dying foot-ball player. People at the picnic; slot machine players, dancers, and bridal party. A dummy body, representing the corpse of Mrs. Rushville's aunt.

ABBREVIATIONS:—Twisted, Twist; Truman, Tru; Mr Rushville, Rush; Burly Rushville, Bur; Blawstedboy, Blaw; Doctor Drybook, Dry; Prof. Probem, Prob; Yellum, Yel; Lillan Rushville, Lil; Mrs. Rushville, Mrs. R; Phone, P; Table, T; Electrocution Chair, E C.

ACT I. *The Electrocution Room.*

Stage: A large room without decorations; one entrance, c d, large, practical door Electric battery, r c., well down; large design, with bright metalic knobs, plates and bands, and practical lever in plain view. Electrocution chair, r. of battery—plain, straight back, stout arms and legs. A large metal cap, with wire attached to cap and thence to battery. Footstool in front, with metal rests shaped like the foot. Long desk l c, opposite battery, to which is attached a thin wooden frame a little wider than the table and 7 feet high, with circular opening in frame, to show head and shoulders of actor behind the frame Attach to frame, near circular opening, several bright metalic knobs. At convenient height, sitting, right side of frame, attach bright, movable funnel, which serves for phone—in fact, is receiver and transmitter. A telegraph key and sounder at lower end of table, with bright metal rod extending out of sight of audience. Attach a wire to key, pass wire through hole in table and receive messages by working the key with wire and left hand concealed; send them with right hand in view at sounder key. Several blank books, one open, two closed, lie on lower end of desk. A file on table, with big bunch of papers filed on it. Three chairs right side of table—one at phone one at open book, and one at telegraph key. One long bench r. of c d. Six common chairs between bench and battery. A large pitcher or water-bucket, containing water, a tin funnel and a large dusting cloth on phone end of table.

Scene 1:—*Twisted's Soliloquy. Twisted near electrocution chair; picks up a letter lying in it, opens, and reads.*

*Twisted.* (*reading*) Dear Nellie: Stocks went down. I lost my last dollar. Farewell forever! Do not touch my body, Nellie; your kisses might bring me back to life—to misery! Your Charlie. (*speaking*) Poor Charlie! he was killed in this chair. (*touches chair*) Despair is the devil's doctor. (*looks at letter*) Poor Nellie! here are tears and awful anguish for you; but clods can not cover the mercy of God, and sorrow saves many a soul. (*puts letter on table*) A wonderful century! two thousand and fifty. In comparison, nineteen hundred was a dark age; but are we any better? What have we now? (*to C.*)

The same hypocracy, falsity, sin;
The same old rottenness, outside and in;
The same old viciousness, cruelty, crime;
The same old blindness to truth so sublime: (*maneuver*)
The same old heartlessness, punishment, pain;
The same old butcheries—multitudes s'ain!
The same old money-mad struggle and strife;
The same old sellishness, crushing out life. (*sits*)

Scene 2:—*News from other planets. Twisted, Truman, Mr. Rushville and Yellum. Enter Tru. and Rush., C. D., down C. to table.*

*Tru.* (*cordially*) Greeting, Mr. Twisted; I send you my best thought.

*Twist.* (*rising*) Thanks, Mr. Truman! Thought is a force. I send sympathy-

*Rush.* (*derisively*) Jibber, Jabber, bosh! This is an age of brains and business.

*Twist.* Right! and business is taking brains to the morgue.

*Tru.* He hit you, Mr. Rushville.

*Rush.* A little wind can not move an iceberg. How is the battery?

*Twist.* It is ready for the work of death. (*Rush. to B. Twist, P., Tru. to open book on T.*)

*Rush.* Good! What's on the docket?

*Tru.* (*looking on book*) I find four murders.

*Rush.* Four electrocutions—is that all?

*Tru.* (*the same*) No; here are two applications for self murder.

*Rush.* You mean suicide, Mr. Truman.

*Twist.* It means murder; it is murder.

*Rush.* (*emphatically*) Mr. Twisted, please to use good English. I am an electrocutioner, not a murderer.

*Twist.* (*pointedly*) It is written: "Thou shalt do no murder."

*Rush.* (*sternly*) Gentlemen, give your attention to your own business.

*Tru.* (*coldly*) Mr. Rushville. that will do. Connect us, please, with the wireless currents, and get the news from the other worlds. Mr. Twisted, put us in touch with the Airship Central, and post us on matters there. (*Rush works and rattles telegraph key with left hand concealed. Twist. turns phone tube toward Tru., strikes a knob on wooden frame, and leans back, listening.*

*Yellum.* (*loudly--behind frame*) All aboard the Chicago Southern! bound for St. Louis, New Orleans, Havana, and all the southern suburbs of Chicago. The sub-plano-motive leaves dome No. 70 in six hundred seconds.

*Twist.* (*loudly--in phone*) Hello, Mr. Yellum! (*moderate tone*) Mr. Yellum, please. (*loud*) Hello, Yellum! (*Yellum appears at circular opening, side view.*)

*Yel.* (*loud, hoarse voice*) Why, Twisted! how are you? What's wanted?

*Twist.* Joyful greeting, Yellum; give us the time. (*all look at watches.*)

*Yel.* (*the same*) One hundred and twenty after forty; or, two minutes after eight, according to the system of nineteen hundred. Those people were fossils.

*Twist.* What will *we* be after the lapse of a century?

*Yel.* Ha, ha! fossils and mummies. Keep us connected, Twisted, then we can hear, and talk too.

*Twist.* All right—O. K.

*Yel.* Good day! (*he disappears; Rush. stops the key. Twist, and Tru. turn toward him.*)

*Rush.* (*rising*) The wireless reports: Neptune swept by electric storm; meteoric showers on Venus; the ring of Saturn violently agitated; tremendous comet approaching Jupiter; the black giants of Mars have besieged the people of the river settlement, and the whole dwarfish race prepares to meet the giants—that's all.

*Yel.* (*loudly--unseen*) All aboard the Chicago Western! bound for San Francisco, Honolulu, Manila, and all the western suburbs of Chicago. The Aerial Propeller leaves dome No. 80 in six hundred seconds.

Scene III:—The Suicide and his Counselors. *Twisted, Truman, Rushville, Yellum, the Suicide(man), and the stretcher carriers. Enter Suicide and carriers C. D. down C. toward B.*

*Rush.* (*rising*) Well, sir, what do you want?

*Suicide.* I want a quick trip to no place. (*Suicide gives him a white piece of paper; Rush opens it.*)

*Rush.* (*reading paper*) This is to certifiy that George Gayboy has sworn to take his own life; therefore, I grant him the privilege of electrocution. In confirmation thereof, I set my hand and seal: Henry Hasbeen, Mayor of Chicago. (*Speaking*) That is O. K. Mr. Truman, file this permit. (*hands it to Tru.*) Mr. Gayboy, I'm ready to favor you. Take the death chair. (*All maneuver; Suicide sits in E. C.; Rush. examines B.; carriers up C. near C, D,; Tru. and Twist to Suicide,*)

*Tru.* (*extends permit to Suicide.* My friend, return this to the Mayor. Do not die; let me help you to live. (*Suicide motions him away.*)

*Twist.* (*earnestly*) Be brave! Suicide is the coward's compromise. Disease follows fear. Cheer up! You are sick; but courage can cure you. Try the three Don'ts: don't hurry, don't worry, don't die.

*Suicide* (*fretfully*) Go to South Africa, or try a hotter climate!

*Twist.* South Africa! Where bullets are blessings and powder keeps the peace; excuse me! and farewell. (*Twist. and Tru. shake Suicide's hand and resume former positions. Rush adjusts the cap on Suicide's head.*)

*Yel.* (*same*) All aboard the Chicago Northern! bound for Nome City, the Klondyke, the Polar Region, and all Northern suburbs of Chicago. The Mono-conical Rota-mobile leaves dome No. 95 in six hundred seconds.

Scene IV:—Mrs. Rushville and Suicide. *Twist., Tru., Rushville, Mrs. Rushville, Suicide Yellum and carriers. Enter Mrs. R., C. D. down C. waving a piece of white paper Rush. meets her.*

*Mrs. R.* (*angrily*) Rushville, you mental midget! you miserly,

blood-bloated vampire! What do you mean? (*shakes paper in his face*) You would kill a cripple for a dime and sell your soul for a dollar. (*Rush. retreats; she follows.*)

*Rush.* (*mock timidity*) Mrs. Rushville, please retire; I'm shocked—yes, I'm very timid.

*Mrs. R.* (*same*) Retire! you supercilious scoundrel! Shocked, are you? Did you ever shock any one?

*Suicide* (*sullenly*) Hurry! shock me; then finish your fuss. Kill me.

*Rush.* (*to E. C.*) With pleasure; please to excuse me, Mrs. Rushville.

*Mrs. R.* (*following*) I'll not excuse you; read that statement, you microscopic germ of generosity. (*Rush. reads, she glares, and all—except Suicide—stare.*)

*Twist.* (*aside*)

A heartless husband or scolding wife
Fill house and hovel with hate and strife,

*Rush.* This is a check for five hundred dollars.

*Mrs. R.* You infinitesimal speck of manhood, I demanded one thousand. What is the price of a dress and a hat?

*Rush.* (*tearing up check*) Pardon me; I'll correct it. Mr. Truman, give Mrs. Rushville one thousand dollars. (*Tru. writes on a slip and hands it to Mrs. R.*)

*Mrs. R.* (*sarcastically*) Rushville, you are an oyster: you are hard to open.

*Twist.* And he is roughly handled, and forced to give up his treasure; he's an oyster.

*Mrs. R.* (*spitefully*) You are an idiot; a babbling idiot!

*Twist.* Heaven is my home; for idiots have sinless souls.

*Suicide.* (*loud, emphatic*) Less talk! Send me to the morgue. Hurry, will you? (*All maneuver; Twist. and Tru. to E. C.; Mrs R. to chair in C.; carriers to bench near C. D.; Rush. takes the sheet from stretcher and throws it over Suicide, then goes to B.*)

*Rush.* (*lighting cigar*) Excuse me, Mr. Gayboy; I shall not detain you longer. (*puffs*) Allready—quiet! firm? (*He draws the lever; Suicide makes one convulsive movement; Rush. replaces lever.*)

*Twist.* (*warmly*) A murder! Rushville, murder!

*Mrs. R.* A fashionable way of getting out of trouble.

*Rush.* It is a business transaction. Death closes the deal.

*Tru.* Kill the weak; make way for the strong. What inhumanity!

*Rush.* (*to carriers.*) Gentleman, remove the body. (*He puts hand under sheet, and removes cap; carriers bring stretcher; they, Twist. and Rush. place Suicide, covered with sheet, on stretcher. Carriers lift stretcher: up C. and exeunt.*

*Yel.* (*same*) All aboard the Chicago Cosmopolitan! bound for London, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and all of the principal cities of the Anglo-American States. The Climax Concatenated Aero-plane leaves dome No. 96 in six hundred seconds. (*Rush sits in E., C.; Twist. and Tru. to chairs at* T.)

*Mrs. R.* (*yawning*) Well, who's next? What a lonesome den!

*Rush.* Several more victims are due.

Scene V:—Burly Rushville returns from Howlharve. Twist, Tru, Rush, Mrs Rushville, Burly Rushville, Prof. Probem and two Carriers. *Enter Prob., Bur., and carriers. Bur. on a stretcher. He has left foot bandaged, a bandage around his head, and large strips of plaster on face. He carries two crutches. Prob holds a long roll of white paper. All stop near B.*

*Bur.* (*shouting*) Rip-er-rah! rah, rah! Howlharve!

*Mrs. R.* What a noisy wretch! What an unsightly savage!

*Rush.* (*to carriers, pointing*) Place him in the death chair, while I adjust the battery. (*Rush to B.*

*Bur.* (*loudly*) Great Schley! place him in the death what-a-ble? By the Bonebreakers of Flonndover! but when-a-ble? (*he waves his crutch, shouting*) Rip-er-rah! rip, rah! Howlharve!

*Mrs. R.* (*nervously-rising*) He is a fiendish lunatic; he'll be hard to kill.

*Bur.* (*clutching both crutches*) Kill paradise and Porto Rico! I'll break your wedge–rip, rah! (*Prob. laughs, holds his sides, sits down and leans forward.*)

*Rush.* (*excitedly*) To the chair with him! Strap him down! Hold him!

*Bur.* (*shouting and waving crutches*) Sweet Santiago! I'll rush you back! Get off the grid-iron! (*He throws a crutch at Rush; whirls the other; Prob. grabs it. All maneuver.*)

*Prob.* (*loudly*) Burly, order, sir! it is a mistake–a misunderstanding. (*to Rush,*) We have no criminal for execution; this is your son Burly, Mr. Rushville. (*Mrs. R. runs and embraces Bur.; all crowd around stretcher.*)

*Mrs. R.* (*gushingly*) You great big beautiful boy!

*Bur.* (*yelling*) Wow! my foot! Rush her back! Probem, break the wedge! (*The crowd widens, Mrs R. back a step, Rush. to Bur.*)

*Rush.* (*shakes Bur.'s hand*) Why Burly! I'm surprised; I did not expect to see you alive.

*Bur.* (*cordially*) Ha, ha! Father, you were fixing for my funeral; and I was as mad as a wet hornet: a good joke. (*waving his hands to all*) Everybody shake the hand of Prof. Probem. (*points toward Prob.; general hand shaking follows.*)

*Prob.* (*giving roll of paper to Rnsh.*) Mr. Rushville, this is Burly's diploma, conferred and endorsed by Howlharve college. Within

the last four years, he has permanently crippled ten men and killed five, which you will find recorded in his diploma; and, for his brilliant work in the class room and on the grid-iron, we proudly enroll his name on the scroll of honor.

*Rush.* (*tapping diploma*) Five killed–well, I suppose that is a fair collegiate record; but I frequently kill five people in one day.

*Prob.* But you are in the business; our killing is done as an accomplishment—a pleasure.

*Tru.* (*indignantly*) You talk like outlaws—educated murderers. I am ashamed of you, and respectable people ought to shun you.

*Bur.* (*wrathfully, rising on crutches*) You affable hog; I'll break your snout. Howlharve to the front!

(*He kicks at Tru. with right foot, drops a crutch on lame left; falls, grabs his foot, writhes and utters exclamations of pain; carriers put him on stretcher, still holding and writhing. Twist. and Tru, to* T., *sit. Mrs. R., Rush. and Prob. to stretcher, comforting Bur.*)

*Yel.* (*same*) All aboard the Chicago Sun Beam! bound for Mexico, South America, and the Antarctic region. The Hyper-electro-cycle leaves dome No. 100 in six hundred seconds.

Scene VI. A Disappointed Young Lady.

*Twist., Tru , Rush., Mrs. R., Bur., Prob., and the Young Lady suicide. Enter Lady, timidly, down C.*

*Rush.* (*bowing*) Well, young lady, step up and tell us what to do.

*Lady.* (*nervously*) I want to—to be killed—to commit suicide, please, sir.

*Mrs. R.* (*pleasantly*) Poor child! don't be nervous. (*takes her hand*) Let me help you; I'll place you in the death chair, and prepare you for the shock.

(*She leads lady to E. C.; she sits. Rush. to B ; others rise and stare.*)

*Bur.* (*loudly*) Great Howlharve! don't kill her. Rush her off.

*Prob.* Burly, you must not coach; you're not in the game.

*Mrs. R.* (*touching lady*) Now fold your hands, close your eyes, and smile sweetly; for your face will retain its last expression. (*Rush. to E. C.*)

*Rush.* (*taking metal cap*) I suppose you prefer brain contact.

(*Places cap on lady's head.*)

*Mrs. R.* (*taking cap off*) Why, Rushville! brain contact will distort her face. She will be frightful! You *shall* not shock her brain.

*Rush.* (*putting cap on peg*) Any way, then: adjust her left foot on the pedal.

*Mrs. R.* (*to lady*) That will burn your foot, but you will not feel it. I'll help you.

(*Mrs R. removes lady's slipper and stocking; sets her foot on stool rest.*)

What a pretty foot! Such a lovely instep! (*rising*) There, dear,

rest quietly; think of something pleasant, and count ten. All ready, Rushville.

*Rush.* (*to E. C.; lights a cigar*) In a moment; I'm taking a nerve tonic. (*to lady*) Who gets your body?

*Lady.* My friends, who are waiting outside; they would not come in.

*Bur.* (*to Prob.*) Professor, this is as brutal as foot-ball.

*Prob.* Worse! this is not so exciting as foot-ball, but deadlier; everybody dies.

*Rush.* (*to lady*) Young lady, give me your permit.

(*She feels in her pocket and bosom, then researches them.*)

*Lady* (anxiously) Why, I've lost it! What shall I do?

*Rush* (coldly) Find the permit, or get another one. Leave the death chair. (*Mrs. R. kneels and helps lady replace stocking and slipper.*)

*Mrs. R.* (sympathetically) It is too bad! I know how you feel—such a disappointment! (lady weeps) Poor child, don't cry; get another permit, and I'll assist you again. You shall be allowed to die, if you want to do so. (*Lady rises, rubs her eyes; then up C., weeping and exits.*)

*Prob.* (pleasantly) Mrs. Rushville, it is a pleasure to see you kill people.

*Rush.* Her victims are anxious to die.

*Bur.* Between electricity and talk they have no chance.

*Twist.* (emphatically) Her breath can burst a balloon.

*Mrs. R.* (to Twist., angrily) You microscopic germ of politeness! You prehistoric specimen of talkative idiots, silence! In my presence, silence!

*Twist.* (bowing) Silence surrounds the grandest scenes; the deepest sympathy is silent; in silence life begins and ends, and Infinite wisdom works in silence. Mrs. Rushville, silence! (*Mrs. R. grabs a chair; moves toward Twist; he retreats; Rush. catches the chair; they struggle for possession; she lets go and slaps Rush., then rushes up C and exits.*)

*Yel.* (same) All aboard the Mountain Meteor! Bound for the highland suburbs of Chicago, on the Allegheny and the Blue Ridge mountains. The Aerial Migratorium leaves dome 202 in six hundred seconds.

Scene VII:—A Funeral Service.

Twisted, Truman, Rushville, Burly, Probem, Doctor Drybook, Smith John, his relatives (three men and three women), his two stretcher-carriers, and Burly's carriers. (*Enter Smith John, Dry. holding Smith John's collar with one hand and a black grip-sack with the other; the relatives and carriers follow. All down near B.*

*Rush.* Here's Doctor Drybook again; we often meet in this room. (they shake hands). What is the trouble, Doctor?

*Dry.* (pointing to Smith John) I have in charge a criminal, Mr. Smith John, on whom rests the sentence of death. (relatives weep)

*Rush.* Very good! show your official papers. (*Dry. opens grip, takes out roll of paper and hands it to Rush; he opens it.*)

*Rush.* (reading) This is to certify that one—namely—Smith John, is guilty of counterfeiting money issued by the bankers, controling the government of the United States. Therefore, in accordance with the will of the bankers, I sentence the said Smith John to death, and thereto affix my hand and seal. Samuel Shootsome, Judge of the Kentucky suburb of Chicago. (*Rush. hands paper to Tru. he files it*)

*Dry.* (to Rush.) The prisoner desires the funeral service to preceed his electrocution.

*Rush.* Business is brisk; proceed at once. (*All maneuver: Smith John to E. C., sits; Dry. right of him, standing; Twist. near Dry.; Tru. and Rush. at T facing Dry.; relatives in chairs near and L. of E. C.; carriers bring bench and sit in C.*

*Dry.* Attention, all.

*Smith John.* Doctor, cheer me up; a hearty laugh will help me.

*Dry.* Certainly, that is in order. Ladies and gentlemen, a few funny jokes and brilliant remarks may preceed the service. Please crack no chestnuts. Speak, the meeting is open. (*Rush works telegraph key with right hand, then with left hand concealed. Repeat this several times.*)

*Bur.* (tapping floor with crutch) Why is an old maid like a new battleship?

*Dry.* (rubbing his hands) Because she's a thing of beauty and—

*Bur.* (loudly) Get off of my corns! Next!

*Smith John.* Let's see—because she comes out with powder and paint, and—

*Bur.* (same) Ouch! kick 'er again!

*Several.* (in chorus) Give it up!

*Bur.* (deliberately) An old maid is like a new battle ship because she is ready for an engagement.

(*All remain silent except Smith John; he rises, laughs and slops his sides and thighs extravagantly. Dry. opens grip and takes out flask of whisky; passes it to Smith John; he drinks.*)

*Dry.* (affably) The prisoner may indulge in worldly pleasures during his last moments.

*Smith John.* (holding up flask) Who'll give us a toast?

*Twist.* (reaching for flask) You have the inspiration.

(*Smith John hands him the flask*)

*Twist.* (holding up flask) Woman: The last, the lovliest, the noblest work of God; the outcast from Eden, the angel of home.

Her mission is mercy. (she pities earth's wrong;)
She's dearer than light, chief subject of song:

Her faults are from nature, when smitten by love—
Ah, then she's a tigress, a serpent, a dove!

(*All applaud Twist drinks; passes flask to Dry; he returns it to grip: takes out black book. Twist. and Smith John resume seats*)

*Dry.* (opening book) Quite a pleasing diversion. (reads) What is God? What is religion? They are cobwebs that entangle the flies of faith. What is pleasure?

*Smith John and Relatives.* A delightful delusion.

*Dry.* What is pain?

*Smith John and Relatives,* A dreadful reality.

*Dry.* Sing "Consolation," our favorite andfamiliar hymn: (*recites following, pompously*):

(Music supplied by Author.)
'Neath vernal skies fair forms arise
From nature's transient tomb;
But man must sleep forever deep,—
His fate is endless gloom—*sing.*

(*Smith John, Dry and relatives sing in unison. The orchestra play the hymn, then accompany the singers with warmth and volume*)

*Yel.* (appearing at opening, at conclusion) Hello, Rushville! hello!

*Rush.* (sitting at phone and speaking into it) Here we are, Yellum. (*All look and listen.*)

*Yel.* What's the trouble over there?

*Rush.* (same) A funeral service, and a stroke of my lightning for a law-breaker.

*Yel.* (laughing) Ha, ha! it sounds like a Chinese concert. Say, how is the election on Mars?

*Rush.* The Coppercrats elect Anson Jackdrew.

*Yel.* The Brassbugs are too slow to peddle hymn books in heaven; (shouting) 'Rah for Anson Jackdrew!

*Dry.* (loudly) This is not a political meeting, sir.

*Yel.* It's all off—good bye! (*He disappears; Rush sits; Dry. puts book into grip, takes out knife and saw.*)

*Dry.* At this point, the friends of the criminal may say farewell to him and indulge in grief. (*Relatives gather around Smith John; all weep; men embrace him, women kiss; then all resume seats*)

*Rnsh.* (to E. C.) What is that knife and saw for?

*Dry.* (touching Smith John's head with knife) I shall remove this skull and show the wonders of the brain within—such is the delightful duty of religion. In the dissection of this brain, I shall clearly demodstrate the fact that mind is inseparable from matter; and it is my duty to convince you that the mind begins, grows, and dies with the brain.

*Rush.* (sternly) Show your papers.

*Dry.* I have none.

*Rush.* (same) Get a permit, before you butcher him; if not, I shall despatch him in a decent manner.

*Dry.* (fretfully) Come, Smith John, we'll get the permit, and return in time for my demonstration. Religion would die in this den. (*Smith John rises; Dry. clutches his collar.*)

*Twist.* (to Dry.) If religion goes with you, she'll starve.

*Yel.* (same) All aboard the Chicago Lunch Line! Bound for the city of New York, Chicago's grandest suburb. The Gastro-Circulatorium leaves dome No. 110, in six hundred seconds.

*Rush.* (rapidly) Dinner: Come, Professor. (to carriers) Gents, bring Burly.

*Smith John.* (rising) Come, Doctor and everybody, dine with me; it's my last lunch. (*All maneuver: General hurry; exeunt Rush, Prob. and carriers with Bur; then Dry, holding Smith John, followed by relatives and the carriers. Twist. to B., looks carefully at it; goes to T., picks up cloth, puts it in phone; then to E C and reclines.*

*Twist.* (in soliloquy) The death current and Yellum are shut off, and I shall take a nap—the shortest way to heaven. Sleep is the poor man's paradise. If hate could sleep, hell would have no inhabitants. (*Puts his feet on another chair and rests relaxed.*)

Scene VIII: Blawstedboy's Rehearsal.

Twisted, Lilian Rushville, and Blawstedboy. (*Enter Lil. and Blaw. down C.*)

*Lil.* Duke, this is father's office; it's a nice place for our rehearsal. (goes to E. C., slight scream) Oh, Duke! What is that? (points at Twist,)

*Blaw.* (Cockney drawl) Haw, hit his—hi 'ardly know.

*Lil.* It's a body! Papa killed him, and went to lunch.

*Blaw.* Why didn't 'e take 'im to lunch?

*Lil.* (shaking him) Duke, do try to think; that man is dead.

*Blaw.* Hi hunderstand. (*Twist. rolls to floor and lays face down.*)

*Blaw.* (startled) Houch! we'll 'ave to 'ave 'elp. (*Lil. goes to Twist., looks and laughs.*)

*Lil.* Ha, ha! It's Mr. Twisted, the philosopher; he's asleep.

*Blaw.* (surprised) His 'e? Hi'll kick 'im hand give 'im the snow-clad countenance, hand 'e'll perhambulate hoff.

*Twist.* (sitting up and imitating Blaw.) Hi 'ardly 'ope to hexperience hit.

*Lil.* (running to him and taking his hand) Let me help you up in the world. (*She pulls and Twist. springs to his feet.*)

*Blaw.* Haw! 'e's hawake!

*Lil.* Mr. Twisted, bow to the Duke of Brokehurst.

*Twist.* (bowing) Blawsted and Broke, I'm Mr. Twisted.

*Blaw.* Where his 'e twisted?

*Twist.* (touching his head) In my head. You and I were hit with the same club.

*Lil.* (vivaciously) Mr. Twisted, the Duke will call on my parents to get their consent—you understand; (tickles Twist) and I want the Duke to be surprisingly brilliant.

*Twist.* We must rehears him in politics, poetry, religion—a little of everything. Miss Lilian, you are Mrs. Rushville; I'm the prompter when I stand, and Mr. Rushville when I sit. Begin: (*Twist. sits*)

*Blaw.* Hi 'av'n't the 'eart, not hi.

*Twist.* (interrupting) What art, sir? Name the art!

*Lil.* (Mrs. R's style) Rushvillle, you are a monster! (kindly) Dear Duke, speak of politeness.

*Twist.* (rising) Try this: Politeness is the adorner of poverty, the refiner of wealth, and the companion of education.

*Blaw.* Politeness heducates poverty hand 'elps—

*Twist.* (interrupting and sitting) Poverty needs education and so do you.

*Lil.* (same) Rushville, silence! Your conduct would cause a fight at a funeral. Silence! you microscopic germ of depravity.

*Twist.* (rising) Thanks! Duke, try poetry—something religious—watch me: (*Oratorical—dignified.*)

The deathless world is dark to human sight,
For spirit substance clothes itself in clay;
But faith must follow truth in fervent flight
Beyond the shadow into perfect day.

*Blaw:*

The 'uman sight his closed with hearthly clay—

*Lil.* (interrupting, stops him and laughs) Why, Duke! you dear, dumb creature! you prattling piece of idiocy. (shakes him.)

*Blaw.* Houch! delightful!

*Lil.* (to Twist.) Try Hobs, and, if that fails, end it with Kip's lovely "back blown out of his head," old Shoot-'im-there brag to Willie. (*Twist. and Lil. to C. straight and stiff, military style, facing each other, and speak the following dialogue: Twist. speaks the first line, Lil. the second, &c. They give the military salute at the beginning and end of each verse.*)

*Twist. and Lil:*

O Tommy, get your gun—your pretty gun! (*salute*)
Remember we are fighting for the "mon;"
We'll plug the hugly Boer—
'E'll hear the Lion roar—
A pity! bloomin pity! haint it, Hobs?
A blawsted shame! that's what it his, begobs! (*salute*)
O Tommy, when you're crashing with your gun, (*salute*)

Stay in the shade, its 'ot out hin the sun;
Besides, the Boer is tough—
We'll 'ave to treat 'im rough—
The 'ooting 'owling cobs! say, shawnt we, Hobs?
The 'orrid Boers be blowed! the bleedin mobs! (*salute*)
O Tommy, keep on praying to your gnn! (*salute*)
Hit's all the God we ave—hits will be done!
The Boers are brutes, you know—
They struck our Crown a blow;
But we'll scoop their gold mines, won't we, Hobs?
The blawsted Boers! the stingy, stupid slobs! (*salute—then crash from orchestra. Blaw jumps.*)

*Blaw.* (startled) Houch! 'eavens!

*Twist.* (to Blaw.) Duke, proceed. (imitating Blaw.) 'Urry hup!

*Blaw.* Hi 'aven't the 'eart; hi never 'eard of Bobs.

*Twist.* (to Lil.) Give him a Phillipino persuader.

*Lil.* (clapping her hands) Splendid! Duke, lie down. (*She and Twist force Blaw down on his back. Lil. brings pitcher and funnel from T. and kneels by Blaw. Twist. grabs his hands, presses them to floor and kneels on the palms.*)

*Twist.* Take the Phillipino persuasion, Duke.

*Blaw.* Philiphino contagion?

*Lil.* It's persuasion; open your mouth, Duke. This will give you a fine flow of language; you will tell what you know and what you don't know; and you will become civilized and christianized. (*She forces the funnel into Blaw's mouth, and pours some water into funnel; Blaw. blows it out, gurgles. howls and struggles, then gasps, as if strangling. Lil. drops pitcher and funnel, and she and Twist jerk Blaw up. He holds his head up, gasps, struggles, and coughs. Lil. and Twist. work his arms like pump handles and beat him on the back. Blaw. breaks from them, staggers about, knocking over chairs, and exits, coughing. Lil follows him.*)

*Twist.* Good! he's a duke and a half; but what will he say to me later on? (*he takes former position in E. C.*)—Curtain.

## ACT II. *The Picnic.*

Stage: Country Scene. The setting, description of scene, mechanism of airship and Twisted's electric machine embodied in list of properties: Given on application.

PARTIAL DESCRIPTION OF SETTING: A rural scene, green foreground; shrubbery on each side near entrance; background, mountain scenery, or an air-ship for ornamental setting. One rustic chair, one log, down R. C.; large rustic seat, L. C., opposite chair. Twisted's machine R C., near log and chair. Action: Ladies and gentlemen pass across upper stage on rise of curtain. Enter at either side, L. U. E. and R. U. E. Use few or many as circumstances admit.

Scene I: (as above) Twisted and his machine. (*Twist.. Lil. and four or more—men—slot machine players. Lil. in rustic chair, Twist. at machine, group of players near him. Skull of a horse on top of machine.*)

*Twist.* (to group) Fate has few favorites, but fortune, many. If fortune loves a man, she sends him opportunity, ability, and success; if she hates him, she sends him money and misery; but, on her ordinary friends, she confers moderate wealth and good health. Gentlemen, fortune is here! who'll be the first to find her? A silver key opens her golden door. Drop a dollar and draw one hundred. Don't be afraid! Fear smothers faith, stupefies courage, and—excuse me—delivers us to the devil.

*Lil.* (rising and laughing) Ha, ha! a truthful sermon by a practical sinner.

*Twist.* Angels pity sinners and God loves them; for creed and doctrine drive them from the church; yet, the worst sinner may become the best saint.

*Lil.* (lively) Better still! go on!

*Twist.* (dryly) Piecrust and good preaching should be short.

*Lil.* (going to machine) I'm converted; let me show my faith. (*She drops a dollar in slot and turns handle; the other players crowd up, doing same; they continue this while Twist. speaks; Lil. works handle for all.*)

*Twist.* (vigorously) One hundred dollars for one! Take it, my friends, it worries me. Wealth pampers the body, but starves the soul. I despise splendor; for the spade puts the billionaire and the beggar into the same bed. Don't be sad, my friends, Luck loves a light heart. Remember the banker's advice:—"My son, don't be dishonest in *small* matters; and don't steal anything (pauses) from the government." Dirt and debt is the lazy man's legacy; but, fol-

low your work, then plenty will follow you. Keep your money moving, my friends, and listen to my muse:

Fortune oft favors the youthful and bold,
But heeds not the timid whose hearts have grown cold;
Her smile is the glitter of diamonds and gold;—
Her lovers are legion, the young and the old.

(*The wheel stops; operator pours a pint of tin dollars into right pocket of machine. Lil. takes Twist's hat and rakes money into it.*)

*Lil.* (holding hat toward Twist.) Tell us something about *this;* here is a hat full of silver.

*Twist.* A head full of brains is better than a hat full of silver; for brains can make money, but money can not make brains.

*Lil.* (puts hat in Twist's hand) Fact! here, take it—hat, brains, money and all.

*Twist.* (passes hat to men, they take some dollars) A good heart makes a generous hand—remember it. (*He pours remainder into funnel of machine*)

*Football Players.* (at a distance—plainly) Rip-er-rah! he-haw! rah! rah! Howlharve!

*Twist.* (pointing) Education and murder are entertaining the crowd.

*First Slot Player.* The game begins! (*slot players run and exeunt L. U. E.*)

*Lil.* Mr. Twisted, you are a bright man.

*Twist.* Take care! Flattery is the fine art of fiends and the weakness of fools.

*Lil.* True! yet I am right, and you can play a noble part. I have a place for you—The Man of the Future. Will you play it?

*Twist.* Yes, Miss Lilian; but the future is a vast subject: Explain.

*Lil.* My mother wants me to marry an idiot with a title.

*Twist.* (emphatically) I object!

*Lil.* (sprightly) And I reject.

*Twist.* But your parents expect.

*Lil.* To select—my mate. What a disappointment!

*Twist.* (mock tragedy—hoarse, ranting voice) Ha! he can not escape; there are two hard heads against a soft one—the idiot is doomed! O shade of Shakespeare!

*Lil.* (laughing) Ha, ha! You'll do; we'll rehearse tonight, in the electrocution room. (*Lil. points toward L. U. E; they look.*)

*Twist.* He is a bug hunter; we'll hide and watch him. (*They kneel behind log, looking toward L. U. E*)

Scene II: Twisted Sells a Valuable Relic.

Twisted, Lilian, and Bug Hunter. (*Enter Bug Hunter, L. U. E., with small net on stick in right hand, small grip in left hand. He runs zigzag about, striking and reaching with net, and finally runs against machine and falls, dropping net and grip. He sits, looking about; Twist. and Lil. come to him.*)

*Twist.* (toward Bug Hunter) A fall is life's first lesson, and you are still learning it. Doctor Friend gives nothing but advice. He says: "When you are out of trouble, don't run into it." (*He takes Bug Hunter's hand and pulls him to his feet Bug H. stares at horse's skull.*)

*Bug Hunter.* Thanks, sir, kindly thanks! (points at skull) What is that bone on your box?

*Twist.* (taking the horse's skull) This is the skull of a horse. Before invention had roofed the world, invaded space, and stepped from star to star, the horse was the principal power in the world of use. But knowledge mastered the flashing Geni of the clouds, harnessed him to the chariot of labor, and left the horse to perish with the past. What a lesson, my friend! Progress condemns our achievements to oblivion, and gives our present dreams a place among the realities of the future. Thus ignorance sinks, but knowledge soars; and ignorance toils for dimes, but knowledge gets the dollars. Will you give me fifty for this genuine skull of a horse?

*Bug Hunter.* (feeling in his pocket) Yes; I'll buy it. (*He gives money to Twist. Bug Hunter takes skull, rubs and pats it; lays it down, turns it over several times, looking at it intently.*)

*Lil.* (laughing) Ha, ha! A horse must have been a very homely animal. (*Bug Hunter rises, stares at Lil. grabs net, grip and skull, and walks hastily up C., turns and stares again, then exits. Lil. and Twist. laugh; he leans on machine; she sits in chair.*)

*Twist.* (pointing toward L. U. E.) Here comes love looking for loveliness. Hide, Miss Lilian; we will surprise him. (*Lil to right side, when Truman is near machine, hides behind it.*)

Scene III. Twisted's Secret and Lilian's Argument.

Twisted, Lilian and Truman. (*Enter Tru. L. U. E. down to machine. He and Twist salute.*)

*Tru.* Have you seen Lilian, lately?

*Twist.* Lately is an adverb; no, I have not seen Lilian Adverb.

*Tru.* Lilian Rushville, I mean.

*Twist.* Send her a tender thought, then she will come; for space can not separate loving souls.

*Tru.* True! Lilian, come! (He throws a kiss; sits in rustic chair.) I have taken your advice.

*Twist.* A good lawyer's advice is worth as much as his argument.

*Tru.* Mr. Twisted, you are a brilliant man, and you can fill a high

position. My company would appreciate you. Let me push you to the front rank. (*Twist takes Tru.'s hand, then steps back; Tru. rises and faces him; Lil. emerges and stands behind Tru.*)

*Twtst.* (earnestness and dignity)

They call me Twisted—nicknames never leave.
My mother filled the fountain of my soul
With useful truths. She said:—
"The sphere of innocence around the babe
Flows from the ranks of angels near to God;—
And in the core of all things true and good,
There dwells a germ of pure and deathless love." (tenderly)
I saw her folded hands, her pallid face—
A face pathetic in its peacefullness,—
And then, a sudden change—I was alone!
Friendless, forsaken, lost—a homeless child!
A fever followed this, and vivid dreams
And visions—sweet communion with my Mother.
The flush and frenzy ceased, and health returned,
But, for awhile, my reason seemed to sleep.
The fever left a blight upon my brain—
A brilliancy—a weakness of the will—(touches Tru.)
You understand—but I shall not complain;
For Mercy sends the burden and the cross,—
And Love bestows a blessing for a loss.

*Lil.* (aside) Poor fellow! I shall be your friend.

*Tru.* (taking Twist's hand) Yes, I understand; responsibility would worry you. However, let me be your friend, and test me, is my earnest wish. (*Lil. to C; Twist. turns Tru. toward Lil.*)

*Lil.* I felt a pressure on my lips, and a voice said—"Lillian, come." What a delightful surprise! I must return the favor. (*She runs to Tru. and kisses him.*)

*Twist.* (aside) Her heart has run away with her head.

*Tru.* (surprised) Why, Lilian I am—am—

*Twist.* (interrupting) Greatly pleased!

*Lil.* (suggesting) In fact, delighted!

*Twisl.* (continuing) And intensely happy!

*Tru.* (shaking his head) You mystify me, Lilian.

*Twist.* Women is a mystery, because God made her while the man was asleep.

*Lil.* I plead guilty. What is the sentence?

*Twist.* For life you shall be locked in the arms of the man you love.

*Lil,* I submit.

*Twtst.* (to Tru., pointing at Lil.) Place the shackles upon her.

*Tru.* (taking Lil.'s hand) Dear Lilian, what shall I say? Such heedless gayety and such impulsive sympathy as this, I can not understand.

*Twist.* If death could speak, he would say—"misunderstood." It is the call of repentence and the cry of remorse.

*Lil.* (with amination and dignity)

Misunderstood! but I shall plead my cause.
The eloquence of sorrow is a sigh,
Yet sighsrexpress more bliss than speech reveals.
Nature is full of seeming contradictions:—
Protection sets the thorn close to the rose
And puts the barb upon the bee, and thus,
Both use and beauty shelter brutal Pain,
Who stops the rude intruder with a stab.
Maternal instinct warms the eagle's brood,
And fondly ministers to whelps and cubs.
If lowly life is moved so tenderly—
Moved by the saered and sweetest call of love,—
Then, where does women stand in nature's scale?
Can she be lost when Doom sweeps worlds away?
What is her mission in the deathless state?
Search deep beneath the surface for the truth;
For Wisdom hides her treasures from the fool;—
Sink like a diver down to silent depths,
And seize the precious gems, the priceless pearls.

*Twist.* A prayer—Amen!

*Tru.* (putting arm around Lil.) An ample explanation.

*Lil.* A reconciliation.

*Twist.*

All lovers feel a deeper bliss
When quarrels end with fonder kiss

Scene IV. Lilian Describes a Hero.

Twist., Lil., Tru., Football Player and Friends—6 or more. (*Enter Player, in football costume, and friends R. U E. Friends gather aroiud player, shouting; Player bows frequently; friends lift him on their shoulders, and exeunt shouting, L. U E.*)

*Tru.* Is that the benefit of education?

*Til.* No; it is the benefit of evolution. (*points toward L. U. E.*) There is a remarkable animal—he has small ears, a smooth hide, and no hoof; and he speaks Latin, goes to church, and kills with a kick.

*Tru.* Brutality! but when will man forsake such foolishness?

*Twist.* When education follows truth, when science walks with religion,—when the Commandments is the only creed.

Scene V. A Lunch of the Future.

Twist., Lil., Tru., Rush., Prob, Bur. and two carriers. (*Enter Rush, Prob. Bur. on stretcher, and two carriers, L. U. E and stop C.*)

*Prob.* (enthusiastically) A great game! superb! Howlharve is victorious. What a fall for the Bonebreakers of Flounclover! (*slaps Bur.'s back*) Ah, Burly!

*Bur.* (shouting) Uncork 'er! hip, hip—

*Bur. Prob. and Carriers.* (in chorus) Rip-er-rah! Rip, rah, rah! Howlharve!

*Rush.* It's too slow for me. Make the game more strenuous; give it a classic character—heathenize it—cripple and kill on a large scale.

*Bur.* Why, father, there were five crippled and two killed, today.

*Prob.* Yes, sir; it is an excellent showing—splendid!

*Bur.* (shouting and pounding with crutches) Pull the cork, Professor—hip, hip—

*Chorus.* (as above) Rip-er-rah! Rip, rap, rah! Howlharve. (*Bur. rolls off stretcher; hurts his foot on floor; writhes and groans; carriers place him on stretcher, holding his foot; Lil runs to him; Twist. and Tru follow.*)

*Lil.* (embracing Burly) Poor Burly! stay away from college, dear Burly; they will kill you there.

*Bur.* (pushing her) Sweet Santiago! Lilian, go away!

*Rush.* She's right, Burly; football will finish you.

*Bur.* No better luck! How many have I finished?

*Prob.* Burly has worn the Laurel five times.

*Tru.* (emphatically) He has killed five men, is what you mean.

*Prob.* (coldly) Exactly, sir! What have you to say?

*Tru.* Neither he nor you ought to enjoy freedom; you are fiendish people. Either a cell in the prison or a cage in the asylum is the place for you and Burly Rushville.

*Bur.* (angrily) What a beautiful beast! If I put my foot against your spine, you will be laid in a very dark cell.

*Twist.* If! Poor little "if" has only one eye!

*Prob.* (pleasantly) Burly, be patient with these men; they are quite ignorant; and they run from the devil and go to the Lord.

*Twist.* Correct; but you run from God and go to the devil.

*Lil.* (kindly) Let the devil alone while we all dine.

*Bur.* Happy Havana! I'll tackle anything. Get the baker with the battery.

*Lil.* (pointing at Twist.) Here he is, Burly.

*Bur.* Feed me, Mr. Twisted, and I'll be your friend.

*Twist:*

Bird and beast love the hands that feed them,
But friends whom we feast desert when we need them.

(*All to R. C., near machine; carriers bring Bur.; Lil. in rustic chair; Twist. in front of machine; group forms R. and L. of Twist.*)

*Bur.* Who is the center rush?

*Prob.* (taking out purse) I am, and I hold the pigskin.

*Tru.* (taking out money) Favor me, please; allow me to pay for all.

*Rush.* Carried by consent.

*Twist.* Drop in your dollars and get your dinners. (*Tru. puts several dollars in the slot of machine.*)

*Tru.* What's the bill of fare?

*Twist.* Peas for the peaceful man, pies for the pious.

*Lil.* (suggesting) And squabs for the squabbler.

*Tru.* Give us hot biscuits, fried chicken and potatoes, custard pie and coffee. (*The operator, at trap-door, puts dishes of biscuits, potatoes and chicken on left sliding board of machine, on the right, sets plate of pie and eight cups of coffee. Twist. brings basket from back of machine; gives handle of machine several quick turns; and, as he works and pours articles of food into funnel of machine, speaks his lines.*)

*Twist.* (pouring in flour) Biscuit by the lightning process; the triumph of transformation. (puts in few potatoes) Here are your potatoes prepared by the wizard of light and heat. (puts in live chicken) Next, the chicken feels the touch of progress. The word "impossible" is fading from our language. (breaks egg into funnel, pours in flour and milk) Custard pie—the crude material is instantly converted into the manufactured article. What is a miracle? The instantaneous application of natural law. The coming man will laugh at electricity; for mind—man's mentality, will be the force of the future. (puts in handful of coffee grains) Now, the Geni of the twenty-first century gives us a cup of coffee—hot, fragrant and spicy. Shades of the past! rise and foretell the achievements of the future. Dinner is ready! (*Twist. pulls out R. and L. sliding boards. Men crowd around left board; Lil. and carriers pass coffee from right board; Twist. takes napkins from basket and gives each person one. Lil. passes plate and cup to Bur. and sits on his stretcher beside him, holding his plate.*)

*Bur.* Somebody wake us up with an old-time Boom.

*Twist.* A good suggestion; we'll join you, Miss Lilian.

*Lil.* (rising) How is Old Nineteen Hundred?

*Bur.* Good! let 'er go! (*The following must be spoken. The chorus is "boom! boom!" and "tra, ta, la!" in which all join with emphasis and vigor. Follow Lil. without a break in the poetic rhythm. The men divide their attention between Lil. and their lunch, as the piece is supposed to be familiar to all. Lil. introduces a variety of motions, steps and facial expressions with her lines. Aim at originality.*)

*Lil.* (to C.):

In dramas I've seen many curious crimes
And battles and murders galore—(*Cho*) boom! boom!
I've seen the same actor drop dead seven times,
And roll all around on the floor (*Cho*) boom! boom!
And roll (*Cho*) tra la la! and roll (*Cho*) tra la la!
And roll all around on the floor (*Cho*) boom! boom!

I've seen a fine actress, whose bosom was bare.
Convulsively struggle for breath—boom! boom!
She'd moan and she'd murmur and clutch her false hair,
And whisper, "Can this be de-heath?" boom! boom!

And whisp–tra la la! and whisp–tra la la!
And whisper, "Can this be de-heath? boom! boom!
I've seen a grand actor, whose nose made the hits,
One hundred his sword would engage—boom! boom!
I've shivered and shuddered and—hah! had a fit—
Oh, my! on account of his rage—boom! boom!
Oh, my! tra la la! oh, my! tra la la!
Oh, my! on account of his rage—boom! boom!

(*All laugh. Lil sits by Bur. Twist and carriers gather and put all of the plates etc. into basket.*

Scene VI: Lilian's Appeal and the Combat.

Twisted, Lilian, Truman, Rushville, Probem, Burly, Drybook, Dying Football Player, and Four Stretcher Carriers. (*Enter Dry. and two carriers with dying Football Player on stretcher. L. U. E. down R C, near group. Tru. and Lil. to stretcher; she rubs dying player's face.*

*Dry.* Friends, here is a dying man, who was sent to me, and over whom I shall hold consolatory service. Please listen attentively.

*Rush.* (pointing) Take him away and console him; this is a picnic party, and we don't want a funeral.

*Tru.* (pointing at machine) Wait! that machine can revive him; the vital current may save him.

*Twist.* (taking metal cups from pegs) Quick! here is the contact of the vital current.

*Bur.* (surprised) Why, he is a football player! one of the Bone-breakers, of Floundover!

*Dry.* Yes; he was kicked in the region of the heart by the hero of Howlharve.

*Bur.* Away with the corpse! There's no permit to raise him. Hurrah for the hero of Howlharve!

*Lil.* (indignantly) Hero? Hyena is the word! Cage the beast; he is a monstrosity!

*Prob.* (to Dry.) Where is your permit to resuscitate this man?

*Dry.* The hero would not grant him the permit.

*Bur.* Then let him die; the hero must have the honor.

*Tru.* (taking metal cups from pegs of machine) He shall not die. (to Twist.) Turn on the vital current. (*Twist turns handle of machine.*)

*Prob,* (sternly) I'll put you behind the bars. Stop! I know the law.—Football players are allowed to cripple and kill their opponents.

*Tru.* (approaching Prob.) Probem, be just and generous: let this man live. (*Dying player arouses and groans. String instruments play soft, plaintive music till Prob. speaks; he goes to C; Lil follows him.*)

*Lil.* (appealing to Prob.):

Where is your heart? Oh, spare him! let him live! (To *Rush.*)
Father, you knew this boy; you've seen him play

In childhood near your door; come, plead for him. (*to Prob*)
Who made this manly form? who gave him breath?
Shall we blot out the likeness of the Lord?
Then, save this youth, who totters at the tomb.
I know his father well—a frail old man,—
And this bruised body is his sole support.
Oh, raise him! let the young heart beat again!
Return him to the arms of helpless age.
Can grief rejoice? Does Death extol our deeds?
Oh, grasp the meaning of Gethsemane!
The tears and bloody sweat,—and Calvary!
Those hands nailed to that cross now clasp the world!

(*She extends her arms as if on a cross, stands thus a few seconds, then assumes pleading style—passionate intensity—hands clasped and extended.*)

Oh, for the sake of Mercy! who meekly bows
Before the throne of God, restore this life!
Lift up Jehovah s fallen masterpiece.

—TABLEAU—

(*All lean forward and look intently, breathlessly at Prob. Lil's body leaning forward, face inclined up, hands outstretched and whole frame motionless—impersonating pathetic supplication. Prob. looks down, hand on forehead, as if thinking.*)

*Prob.* (coldly: music stops) Our games are brutal, of course; competition is the cause. Be *willing* to fight and *anxious* to fight is the conqueror's creed. Defeat and death await the weak. (points at dying player) Let that man die; you have heard the law. (*Lil covers face with hands; Tru. steps and leans forward, stands rigidly, index finger pointing at Prob.*)

*Tru.* (vehemently):

The law! what law? you cold and cruel wretch!
An angel could not touch your savage soul.
You dreadful double monster— brute and fieud. (*steps forward*)
If all the horrible throngs and hosts of sin
Were told to name a demon viler than themselves
They'd jar the dome of darkness with one shout—(*he shouts*)
"Probem!" yes, Probem!—(*lower -- hoarse and harsh voice*)
Whose eye gloats on the blood of murdered youth,
Whose hand has stabbed and mangled human hearts,
And nailed sweet Pity to the cross. (*point to Lil., violently agitated*)

*Prob.* (advancing, fist extended) Enough! Come, defend yourself. Use your wind another way. (takes boxing position. Lil. clasps Tru.)

*Tru.* (pointing at Lil.) Not now, you snarling wolf.

*Bur.* (angrily) Don't listen, Probem, drop him. (*Prob moves around Tru with clenched fist; Lil. faces Prob. with extended hands; Twist rushes and shoves Prob.; he recoils several feet.*)

*Twist.* (enraged) Back! you educated devil! (*Rush. catches Prob. Tru. holds Twist.*)

*Prob.* (taking off and giving coat to Rush.) I'm ready.

*Twist.* (still held by Tru.) Dear Truman, let me go; I'm cruel now —cruel enough to do a dreadful deed. (*Tru. releases him; he takes off coat and Tru. holds it.*)

*Bur.* (loudly) I'll be the referee. Step up! Toe the mark, gentlemen; fight fair and to a finish.

THE FIGHT: Form a line with Bur. in center; left, Rush., Dry. and two carriers; right, Lil. Tru. and two carriers * * * The complete instructions to principals will be given on application. In order to present this feature of the play, the principals must study and follow the instructions as written. * * * Conclude the fight in one round—*only one* Avoid extravagance; be natural; show skill and courage and you will win the hearty appreciation of your audience * * * Prob. forces Twist back with a rush, a left swing and two right hooks to the body; Twist. delivers a hard left on Prob.'s head, and forces him to C. with hooks to the body. Prob. drops to his knees; Bur. counts five; Prob. leaps up and clinches Twist.; he breaks clear; Prob. rushes with right swing at Twist 's head; he dodges, and puts a right hook to Prob 's jaw. He staggers, throws his fists wildly, and Twist. plants a right swing on Prob 's jaw. He falls backward with heavy shock, and lies still. Bur looks at watch, and counts off seconds with index finger.

*Lil.* (running to Prob.; Rush. and Dry. lean over him) What brutality! (she applies her 'kerchief to Prob.'s face.)

*Twist.* (turning away):

> We fight, we fall; thus, glory's grandest gifts
> Are stained with blood (*Rush. and Dry. help Prob. to his feet*)

*Lil.* (coming to Twist.) How *could* you be so cruel? Shame! oh, shame!

*Twist.* (taking her hand) Miss Lilian, I am ashamed, reproving conscience and repentance speak.

(*Rush. shakes Prob. He stands blinking and feeling his jaw.*)

*Bur.* (with humor) Here you are, Probem! Sweet Santiago! a right swing—a Porto Rico peach!

(*Prob. nods; Rush and Bur. touch their chins with their fists while Twist. speaks.*)

*Twist.* (aside—sadly):

> O Rage, insane and blind! How can you storm
> The calm and cloudless heights of watchful thought,
> Seize and invest the palace of the soul,
> And lay your bloody hands on Reason's throne?

*Prob.* (calling) Mr. Twisted, here, please. (Twist. forward, hand extended.)

*Twist.* Gladly, sir. (Prob. and Twist. shake hands.)

*Prob.* You are good, very good!

*Twist.* Good is the Cause of creation, and the sustaining power of the Creator.

*Prob.* You are mentally blind. (points toward dying foot-ball

player) Take that man into an airship, rise from the ground, then you will be out of the limits of the law.

*Tru.* 'Tis not too late to save the injured man—
We'll rise; no human laws control the air. (to carriers)
Friends, come! a deed of kindness is a prayer.

(*Exeunt Tru. and carriers with man on stretcher. Prob. up C., stops and turns.*)

*Prob.* (pleasantly) Excuse me, please; I must fix up my face.

*Bur.* (jocosely) Excused on account of weakness in the head and a tendency to stagger. Go on, Professor; you have knocked out many a college chap, but an ignorant man turned up your toes to-day.

*Prob.* (boxing attitude) He is a tiger; keep away from his paws, and give him the honors—hip, hip—

*Bur., Rush., Dry., Prob. and Carriers.* (shouting) Rip—'er—rah! rip-rah, rah! for Twisted!

(*Exit Prob. Bur. drums with crutch on floor and sings, improvising tune to fife and drum rhythm.*)

*Bur.* The rush has the ball, with the prize in sight;
Now, Sweet-heart, look! 'tis your lover's fight;
The half-back is down and the quarter, dead—
A kiss, sweet witch! say, when shall we wed?

Scene VII. Mrs. Rushville Digs up the Hatchet.

Twisted, Lilian, Rushville, Drybook, Burly, Blawstedboy, Mrs. Rushville and two Carriers (*Enter Mrs R. and Blaw down C.*)

*Mrs. R.* (wrathfully) Rushville, you microscopic germ of humanity! you legalized murderer! you malignant microbe! Where did you hide? You con—con—

*Twist.* (quickly—suggesting) Contemptible, confounded—

*Mrs. R.* (spitefully) You are a fool!

*Twist.* A smart fool has his mind in his mouth; a smarter fool puts his brains in a book.

*Mrs. R.* (same) Silence! not another word; I am talking, and I *will* talk.

*Twist.* Doctor Talk gets his pay, but God gets the patients.

*Mrs. R.* (more fiercely) Rushville, the Duke of Brokehurst was tortured—tortured in your office! You intellectual nonentity, what do you mean? Apologize! down, sir, at once. Do you hear me?

*Bur.* (pounding with crutch) Nobody is down. I'll do the coaching. Get off the gridiron, mother. Apologize? To Pittsburg or hades with the Duke; he's on a hunt for daddies with dollars. I'll apologize with this. (shakes his crutch at Blaw.)

*Blaw.* (retreating) Hunnecessary, hindeed! hexcuse me.

*Dry.* (surprised) Young Mr. Rushville, I am astonished! Wealth and aristocracy are the favorites of the church.

*Mrs. R.* Burly, remember the law of decency; you are in the presence of royalty.

*Bur.* In the presence of bosh? the Duke, the spook, the beautiful buzzard! Take him to the "Zoo," and show him nature's aristocrat —the ape.

*Mrs. R.* (kneeling to Blaw.) My noble Duke, I humbly apologize to you for my son's disrespect and my husband's inhuman brutality. (*She rises; the Duke grins and bows.*)

*Bur.* The Duke is as brilliant as a bucket of mud.

*Rush.* But not so intelligent as an iron dog.

*Dry.* Gentleman, I am shocked.

*Lil.* Mother, this matter must be explained: I administered the water cure to the Duke.

*Twist.* I am the guilty one, Mrs. Rushville; I tortured the Duke.

*Mrs. R.* (angrily) I'll torture *you*, shortly. (goes to Lil.) Lilian, you shall scorn me no longer; and you shall learn by bitter experience. I will force you to obey my commands. (points at Blaw.) You shall marry this noble gentleman. Try to evade it, if you dare. Implicit obedience is all that can save you from inflexible punishment.

*Rush.* Don't be frightened, Lilian; I am with you. We have devils in our family, but I draw the line at fools

*Bur.* (loudly) By the Bonebreakers of Floundover! so do I. Down with the Duke!

*Lil.* (with dignity):

> Who speaks of punishment? What have I done?
> I stand before you all, a free-born child;
> No brand of bondage scars my face or form.
> Must I bend like a slave beneath the rod?
> Freedom is sacred in the sight of God.

*Bur.* (applauding) Happy Howlharve! a declaration of independence! Mother, fight or fall back. (*Mrs. R. starts toward Lil.; Blaw. behind, holding to her shoulders and pulling back.*)

*Blaw.* 'Elp! 'ead 'er hoff; she'll 'urt 'er daughter. (*Rush. steps between Mrs R. and Lil; Mrs. R. slaps and scratches Rush.*)

*Bur.* (shouting and pounding) Rah! rah! Down with aristocracy! Liberty and Independence! Freedom and our Flag? Rah! rah! Attention company! Charge bayonets! (*He pounds furiously. Rush. and Dry. seize Mrs. R.'s arms, and Blaw. behind, hands on her shoulders, pushing. They move up C. Mrs. R. screaming and struggling, and exeunt thus. Lil. to stretcher, and lays her head on Bur.'s breast.*)

*Twist.* (sympathizingly) Miss Lilian, you are weary of war—the curse of pride and greed. Freedom baptizes her followers with blood and tears. (*Merry shouts and laughter outside, growing nearer.*)

*Bur.* Wake up, Lilian, the airship will leave you.

*Lil.* (putting her arm around Burly) I shall not leave you, dear Burly.

Scene VIII. Twisted and The Dancers.

Twisted, Lilian, Burly, the Dancers, and Carriers. (*Enter Dancers—twelve or more—laughing and skipping, hand in hand. All stop near machine.*)

*Twist.* Welcome, bright spirits of mirth.

*First Dancer.* (man) Give us a prelude, and play the waltz, "Enchantress."

*Twist.* One dollar for the prelude and the dance.

*Several Dancers.* Cheap enough! (*First dancer puts tin dollar in slot, returns to his partner, and all the dancers form in pairs C. They stand thus, looking at Twist.*)

*Twist.* (declamatory style) Hear the prelude to the dance:

When Sound, the enchantress, to Motion is wed,
And Beauty greets Youth in his prime;
Then souls taste the bliss of the rare and ripe kiss—
O Love, fond and deathless, sublime!

(*Twist. turns handle of machine; music begins; dancers waltz. A large Regina music box in wings will be quite appropriate music, but a piano or orchestra will answer the purpose. At the sound of the bell, dancers stop, run laughing and shouting and exeunt; but music continues till curtain. Twist. shakes hands with Bur. and Lil.; carriers lift Bur., Lil. follows, and they exeunt. Twist. reclines; rests his head on log; pulls his hat over his eyes; sleeps.*) Curtain.

## ACT III. *Mrs. Rushville's Parlor.*

A large room; one entrance, large arched C. D., with portiere curtains, ornamental designs, rich tapestry, statues, easels with portraits R. and L. of C. D., and tinted walls. Limit the furniture—two sofas and four rocking chairs will be sufficient. Place two rocking chairs and one sofa far down near left wall, and two chairs and one sofa opposite near to right wall. ☞A stretcher near and R of C. D. supporting dummy body, representing Mrs. R.'s dead aunt. Show face of dummy—neat, white mask, and gray hair, but cover body to neck with sheet. Practical bell on right wall. Dress: Mrs R, rich eveuing dress, with jewels and ornaments Rush., Bur., and Prob., full evening dress. Dry, neat, elegant ministerial dress. Lil, Twist, Tru. and bridal party dress in classic costume. Delineations and directions given on application. Blaw. full evening dress, exceptionally neat and elegant—diamond studs and rings if desired. Bigby and the two servants in flashy style. Bur.'s cane is described in list of properties. NOTE: The costumes of Twist., Tru, Lil., and the Bridal Party are strikingly novel, beautiful, and elegant. If desired, the management may increase the number of people (Bridal Party) *ad libitum*, and thus gain the essential effects of dignity, splendor and majesty.

### Scene 1. Burly Predicts Trouble.

(*Burly and Rushville sitting on sofa R. C.*)

*Rush.* Burly, what did you learn at college?

*Bur.* It would take four years of talk to tell you, and four years more to tell you what I didn't learn.

*Rush.* What do you intend to do?

*Bur.* What didn't Dewey do? Ask me something easy.

*Rush.* Of what use are the colleges?

*Bur.* They teach us the rudiments of the dead languages, and keep us in touch with the possibilities of the present.

*Rush.* The best college is business. Dead language? twaddle!

*Bur.* (jocosely) Ha! ha! you ought to learn a dead language; for you commit murder and handle the dead every day.

*Rush.* (dryly) I don't discuss religious matters. Who heads the procession to-night?

*Bur.* (vivaciously) Mother! Look out! she will have a funeral and a cremation, followed by a reception in honor of the Duke; then great Schley and Santiago! Lilian will present an original play, and what follows, you can politely spell with an H, one E and two L's.

*Rush.* Don't disappoint me; I'm lonely without it.

Scene II. Burley and Drybook Explain a Great Mystery.

Burly, Rushville, Drybook, Mrs. Rushville, Blawstedboy, Bigby, John, and the Assistant. (*Enter Mrs R., Dry. and Blaw., to dummy.*)

*Mrs. R.* The dear old lady is dead.

*Rush.* (aside) you incomparable hypocrite!

*Blaw.* Hi'm 'orrified, hindeed! His she dead?

*Bur.* (aside) The goose-headed idiot!

*Mrs. R.* Yes, my dear Duke; Dr. Dunham, who removed her heart for examination, says she is dead.

*Dry.* Such a loss! You are sadly bereaved, Mrs. Rushville.

*Rush.* (aside) You devil, give her another dose of deceit.

*Mrs. R.* Yes, Dr. Drybook; but I am comforted by the remembrance of my aunt's tenderness, gentleness and sublime patience. In her last moments, she tried to comfort me. She spoke of her vast wealth, and told me it would soon be mine. Oh, such generosity as this! (*weeps in 'kerchief.*)

*Rush.* (same) My wife is the leader of the liars' band.

*Blaw.* 'As the hold lady left 'er money hon hearth?

*Dry.* Unquestionably; she could not take it with her.

*Bur.* (aside) Suffering Schley! two fools' with one spoonful of brains! (rising—loudly, to Dry. and Blaw.): Say, if you have softening of the brain, go to a sanitarium. Stop your talk or take a walk.

*Mrs. R.* (sternly, to Bur.) Have you no regard for royalty, no sympathy for your mother, no respect for the solemnity of death? And, Rushville, what shall I say to you?

*Rush.* Say what you please; that's your style.

*Mrs. R.* (fiercely) You insolent and degenerated specimen of degraded poverty? You diabolical, iconoclastic vandal! You married me for money—my aunt's money; but you did not get it. I have it—ha, ha! yes, I have it, and I will spend it; (sarcastically) dear Mr., kind Mr., good Mr. Rushville!

*Blaw.* You 'ave 'it 'im 'ard, Mrs. Rushville.

*Bur.* (to Blaw.) You interesting mud-turtle. (to Mrs. R.) Mother, finish your fuss after the funeral.

*Dry.* Peace in the presence of death. Are you ready for the cremation service? (*All maneuver. Mrs. R. rings bell. Enter Bigby, John and assistant.*)

*Bigby.* (near C. D.) At your service, Mrs. Rushville.

*Mrs. R.* Bigby, place the corpse near the center of the room, and you and the servants remain during the cremation service.

*Bigby.* With pleasure, Mrs. Rushville. (*She points and the servants place dummy in C., head toward C. D.*)

*Dry.* Friends, gather around the body, and listen to the solemn cremation ceremony.

*Blaw.* Hi 'avent the 'eart to 'ear this creation ceremony.

*Bur.* Put a cracker in his beak, poor Polly!

*Mrs. R.* (sternly) Burly, are you a human being? I'll disinherit you. Silence, sir! not a word; I warn you. (*Dry to head of dummy, Mrs. R. left of him, Blaw. right, Bur and Rush. right side of stretcher, two servants left of it, Bigby back of them. Dry. opens black book, and motions for silence.*)

*Dry.* (reading) What is death? (pauses and speaks) Answer, please, what is death?

*Rush.* It is a break in the electric current of life.

*Bur.* (pleasantly) Death was fully explained by an Irish woman at a wake—she said: (use Irish brogue) Death is a more dreadful calamity than is sickness or health. If I should die, and I could be informed of the fact, it would so *terribly* terrify me that I should remain dead during the rest of my life. (*Mrs. R. glares at Bur.; Dry. and servants hide faces with hands and shake with laughter.*)

*Dry.* (lowering book) As the mourners are not familiar with the responsive service, I shall proceed to the laudatory part. (*He puts book in pocket. Speak the following lines with feeling, dignity and solemnity*):

O Death, within thy firm, unyielding arms
We sleep like babes upon the warm, fond breast
Of wakeful Love. Thou hast a place for all,
A peaceful habitation and a couch,
Where Grief and Toil lie mute and motionless,
And dreamless Slumber soothes the restless brain.
In gloom all things assume a frightful form.
Sorrow and Fear can see thy pallid mask,
But not the pure, pathetic face beneath
Whose tenderness is sweeter than a smile.
All welcome Birth, but thee they dread and shun.
Is dawn more beautiful than is dying day?
O Death, thy kingdom is the vast Beyond!
The sigh, the sob, the lingering, last kiss—
These are the tributes of the broken heart,
Unsought, but held in sacred trust, by thee. (greater solemnity)
Forever thou wilt sit in solemn state, (slow, deep tones.)
Holding thy scepter over Birth and Life,
And pointing at the emblems of thy might—
The waning moon, the setting sun, the grave.

(He waves his hands and bows) That is all, at present, Mrs. Rushville. (*Bur. and Rush sit R. C.*)

*Mrs. R.* A delightful—I mean, an exceedingly impressive service, Dr. Drybook.

*Dry.* I shall conclude the service over your aunt's ashes.

*Mrs. R.* Bigby, take the dear corpse to the crematory; and, Bigby, carefully put the ashes in an urn and bring all to me.

*Bigby.* With pleasure, Mrs. Rushville. (*The servants lift stretcher. Mrs. R. and Dry. up to and R. of C. D; Blaw. and Bigby same L. of C. D. Carriers pass between them and exeunt, and Bigby follows.*)

*Rush.* (pointing at group) When the devil calls for mourners that crowd will take the front seat.

*Bur.* Sweet Santiago! you're right. Lilian is ready to start her star-sweeper, and we must give her room. Come, father. (*Bur. and Rush. resume seats as in Scene I. Group remain at C. D. till players enter with tent.*)

Scene III. The Man of the Future, Blawstedboy's Revelation, and Mrs. Rushville's Startling Statement.

Burly, Rushville, Drybook, Mrs. Rushville, Blawstedboy, Twisted, Truman, Lilian, Probem, a Blind Man and Brother; Three Men with Dead Man; Truman and Lilian's bridal party—six men and six women—the men of the bridal party play the parts of the blind man and brother and the three men with dead man. (*Enter two men—of bridal party—with small canvas tent, and place it down R. C., opening toward L. C., then men exeunt. Group at C. D. to tent.*)

*Mrs. R.* Ah! Lilian is preparing a pleasing surprise for the Duke.

*Bur.* (aside) And you have prepared a startling surprise for Lilian. (enter Prob.)

*Prob.* (bowing) Miss Lilian requests me to announce that she is ready to present her parlor play, entitled The Man of the Future, in which Mr. Twisted appears as the leading character. Please be seated. (*Mrs. R. Blaw. and Dry. sit at extreme L. C.; Bur. Rush. and Prob. same, extreme R. C. Enter Twist. with shepherd's staff, to tent, and kneels.*)

*Twist.* Heavenly Father, let thy face shine upon me. Baptize me with truth; guide me with thy wisdom; strengthen and save me with thy love: Amen. (*Rises, sets staff against front of tent, and enters it. Enter blind man, led by his brother, C. D. to tent; brother knocks on floor with staff; Twist. appears.*)

*Twist.* Welcome with love. What is your wish?

*The Blind Man.* Kind shepherd, I am blind. A spirit appeared to me in a vision, and told me to come to you and receive my sight.

*Twist.* (laying his hands on man's head) My son, the Christ, our Heavenly Father, heals you. (*He removes bandage; the man stares; embraces brother; runs and leaps; embraces Twist. and exits running. Exit the brother hastily. Twist. re-enters tent. Enter three men carrying one—all of bridal party—They lay man at tent, and one knocks on floor with staff. Twist. appears.*)

*Twist.* Welcome! and the Lord be with you.

*First Man.* (pointing at man on floor) Wise guardian, this is the body of a young man who fell from a mountain path. We ask you to restore him to life. (*Twist kneels and lays his hands on the man's head; lifts his hands high; looks up and replaces them on head.*)

*Twist.* (solemnly) In the name of the Christ, the One God, rise!

(Twist. rises; man takes a deep breath and moves slightly. Twist. turns toward men) Depart in peace; then, later on, meet your friend, and speak of his death and reanimation. Go with him to the altar and return thanks. (*Twist enters tent; and men exeunt. Man sits up, back to tent, and rises thus.*)

*The Man.* (shuddering) I was falling! What a horrible dream! (*He exits without noticing tent.*)

*Prob.* How do you like it, Mrs. Rushville?

*Mrs. R.* Why, it's dreamy—fantastic; but some people have faith in such things.

*Dry.* Yes; the crazy Swedenborgians believe in such nonsense. Man's mind is the only God, and science, the only religion.

*Bur.* Drybook, you have as much sense as a frozen turnip. The Swedenborgians are enlightening the world.

*Rush.* (rising) When Drybook shakes his head his brains rattle. Who are the thieves and murderers that die in my chair? They are the members of your church, Mr. Drybook.

*Mrs. R.* (fiercely—rising) Rushville, you morbid monstrosity! You cataleptic specimen of the antediluvian ape! What do you mean? (advancing) I'll teach you to intimidate, insult, and browbeat this religious gentleman. You sanguinary and diabolical offspring of—

*Bur.* (interrupting and stepping before her) Time's up, mother: Make way for The Man of the Future. (*Orchestra plays prelude of Bridal chorus. Enter Lil. and Tru followed by Bridal Party. All walk hand in hand, singing and keeping step with music, two steps to the measure.*)

*Lil. Tru. and Bridal Party.* (singing):

Rejoice! rejoice! fond souls will pledge to-day!
O Love, unite and lead them on their way;
Shield them from sorrow; lift them in thy might
From Death's dread shadow to a home of light.

*Twist.* (appearing) Welcome, dear friends.

*Tru.* Wise guardian, this young woman and I tenderly love each other, and we wish to be united in holy marriage. (*Twist. motions toward tent; Tru. enters it; Lil. stands with hands folded, head bowed. Party form a semi-circle from tent to L. C.*)

*Twist.* (with dignity and solemnity):

Creation is done, and the Creator rests
From labor and looks upon His works.
Above them all, upon the dome of light,
He sets His image—man, the living soul.
But man, amid the glory, stands alone,
Yearning and pleading for the lips of love.
Now God amazes heaven with His might—
Beauty and breath He gives to lifeless bone—
A wondrous creature, human and divine,

The dream of angels realized in flesh. ( He motions, and )
God gives to man the greater might and mind. ( Lil. enters tent. )
And firm dominion over land and sea,
But crowns creation with the woman's love. ( Lil. and Tru. reap- )
The bliss of heaven descends to man and wife; ( pear and stand be- )
Because they symbolize their Maker, God: ( fore Twist. )
United thus, they're one, like Truth and Good;—
For man is understanding, woman, will;
And man is wisdom, and the woman, love.

(*Tru. and all the men kneel. Lil. faces Twist. and bride's maids come and stand behind her, three abreast Flute behind scene plays "Abide With Me" Muted strings in front play accompaniment. Play to end of Twisted's lines.*)

*Twist.* (more tenderly):

Yes, woman's part is deep, enduring love—
She lives for love, affection is her life;
For she is nature's true idolitor. idolatress
Degrade, defile, or hurl her idol down,
Then she will follow like the erring waif,
That wanders from the shining throng of space,
And falls from glory to the depth of gloom.
But, when the man she loves, does noble deeds
On pinacles of power, lofty thrones,
The woman, then, is greater than the king.
Supreme in sympathy and gracious might,
She pities crime, restrains severity,
And guides stern Justice to a gentle stroke.
Designed by Providence, His fruitful plan
To fill the world with innocence and life,
She consecrates herself to motherhood,
And finds her mission in this blissful use;
For she, in secret, builds the social frame
Which bears each nation's glory and its shame:
Swayed by her will, the woman must sink or rise,
The deepest damned, the highest in the skies.

(*He motions and the women kneel, Lil. beside Tru; Twist joins their right hands, then lays his right hand on their hands.*)

*Twist.* (continuing) "The Lord bless you, and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace." (All—in chorus) AMEN.

*Twist.* In accordance with the laws of God, I pronounce you man and wife. Rise, rejoice, and praise the Lord—praise Him with the dance. (*He stands near tent, and looks at dancers* ☞ Dance minuet: do not exceed three minutes. *Lil. and Tru. lead the dancers. At conclusion all front face.*)

*Prob.* (at conclusion) Mrs. Rushville, do you know that the ceremony which we have just witnessed, constitutes a legal marriage?

*Mrs. R.* (rising) What, sir! that ceremony constitutes a legal marriage?

*Bur.* As good as a government bond.

*Mrs. R.* (affectedly) Come, friends, I shall not scold. You are fond of a laugh, but I shall not indulge you this time. Mr. Drybook understands this matter, and he will explain it.

*Dry.* (rising) In one sense, it is a legal ceremony—thus, if they accept it as such; but, of course, they will not, for the Duke of Brokehurst is your choice, Mrs. Rushville.

*Mrs. R.* Correct! Mr. Drybook is a profound man. Listen! I have been too lenient in many matters; and I am convinced that spite and jealousy are striving to outwit my honest and generous ambition. Lilian, you shall not disobey me again. I'll be firm; *now* is the time and *shall* is the word. (*Mrs. R. to C.*)

*Twist.* When one says shall, the other, sha'n't,
The case must go to 'squire Can't.

*Mrs. R.* (fiercely) Contemptible imbecile, silence!

*Bur.* (aside) The big gun opens the bombardment.

*Mrs. R.* Duke Blawstedboy and Lilian, approach me. Dr. Drybook stand near me. We'll perform a ceremony in accordance with the law, and which will not be followed by a fraction of a doubt. (she beckons to Lil. and Blaw.) Come quickly; don't enrage me! come, I say. (*no one moves.*)

*Blaw.* Hi 'aven't the 'eart, 'ardly, not hi, hindeed!

*Bur.* (toward Mrs. R.) Wait; I'm in the game. Has the Duke sense enough to talk intelligently? If he can speak one sentence of clear, sensible English, then let him marry Lilian. I'll test him. Here, Duke, what is this? (*Bur. draws flag out of his cane; offers it to Blaw.; he takes it, unfurls it, and steps to C. All leading actors to C., R. and L. of Blaw; others form a semi-circle around central group.*)

*Blaw.* (with perfect pronunciation, clear and distinct, holding up the flag): Mr. Rushville, this is the American flag—the symbol of Liberty and the emblem of the earth's grandest political power. History will speak of our triumphs; patriotism will rehears them to youth; and this flag will be called the Banner of Brotherhood—Old Glory of the Boys in Blue.

*Bur.* (bowing) A prophet! All honor to Old Glory.

*Blaw.* (the same) Hear the Voice of our Flag:

Glory I give not to brutal crime;
I can not leave Liberty's sod:
I'm from above; my mission is love;—
My motto is "Union and God,"

Tyrants assaulted me, but in vain;
Strong nations I met in their prime:
I did not plead with the fiends of greed—

But crushed them—my strength is sublime!
(*He waves flag; holds it high and still; all point at it*)
Draw me down never on Freedom's strand—
(My stars stand for "Many in One.")
But hold me fast; remember the past—
The struggle! the Man with the Gun!

(*All applaud. Blaw replaces flag in cane, and hands it to Bur.*)

*Mrs. R.* (taking Blaw's hand) A surprise! Why, my dear Duke, how shall I express my delight? (*He bows to Mrs. R. and extends his hand to Lil.*)

*Lil.* (taking his hand) Is this the man whom I so cruelly mistreated? You are a nobleman indeed. Will you forgive me?

*Blaw.* Yes, Miss Lilian; for your sake I endured those taunts and insults.

*Mrs. R.* (with affected urbanity) Lilian, you are a sweet child. Kneel, and ask the Duke to forgive you; for he is the soul of sympathy, the incarnation of generosity.

*Blaw.* (coldly) Mrs. Rushville, look at that man. (points at Twist.) He is my dearest friend, and to please him, I acted the part of an aristocratic fool. I was an object lesson, illustrating the disgusting pride and imbecility of the titled fortune hunter. Bestow your aunt's money on a noble man—(points at Tru.) an American. Birth gives distinction to none. Aristocratic pride is a flashy fool, that rides on the shoulders of the blind. I am not a duke—thank God! I am an American citizen. Mr. Rushville, I dislike you; Mrs. Rushville, I despise you; Burly Rushville, I hate you. (*He looks sternly at Bur.*)

*Bur.* (forcibly) Suffering Schley! I don't blame you, my American friend.

*Twist.* Hate and love can not live in the same heart

*Blaw.* As the Duke of Brokehurst, I have played my part. Let this lesson sink into your souls, and remember my parting words: Faithfully play the part and fill the place in which Providence places you. Noble deeds make noble men. Birth and death place all on the same level. Aristocracy is an Ass which assumes the dignity of a king, and which delights to hear the flattery of fools. God's aristocrats are angels, and His grandest title is truth. (shakes Twist's hand) We'll meet again. (bows to Lil. and Tru.) Mr. and Mrs. Truman, live in love and joy forever. (to all) Farewell, my friends. (*He walks rapidly up C. and exits.*)

*Mrs. R.* (nervously):

This is a pleasing Jest, a charming plot!
I catch the Jolly turn of this quaint play.
The Duke acts well. He has the mystic fire
Of genius in his art—the subtle skill

Which sways the throng and glorifies the stage.
He will return, oh, yes! he will return. (she pauses)
What means this silence and this gloomy stare?

*Twist.* Because he'll not return.

*Bur.* (mock solemnity) Oh, no! he'll not return.

*Mrs. R.* (pointedly) Dr. Drybook, is this a part of the play?

*Dry.* (bowing) I hope so, Mrs. Rushville.

*Mrs. R.* Mr. Probem, please to explain.

*Prob.* Mrs. Rushville, you have seen and heard the facts.

*Rush.* (coldly) Of course she has.

*Bur.* Mother, if I were you, I would not worry.

*Twist.* Mrs. Rushville, the so-called Duke is an actor, and he will not return; and Lilian is Mr. Truman's wife.

Light are the burdens and sorrows of life
When two can carry them—man and wife.

*Mrs. R.* (extending her hands to Lil.) Lilian, deny it! Lilian, the truth!

*Lil.* Mother, I love him, and we are one. (*Mrs. R. screams, darts at Lil.; she steps back; Tru. clasps Mrs. R's hands; she struggles and screams, breaks away and darts at Rush.; he steps aside, and Mrs. R. stops near F. L. She stands rigidly a few seconds, then she is convulsed in spasms—a form of epilepsy and hysteria.*) (Follow suggestions.)

*Mrs. R.* (screaming and falling. Lil. and Tru. to her) Mercy! help! help! (*Lil. and Tru support her. Twist and Dry to central group. Bridal party form a semi-circle around them. Bur. and Rush. R. C., outside of semi-circle. Mrs. R. struggles, moans and writhes convulsively; face distorted; eyes wide and staring; hands trembling and clutching. Lil. applies handkerchief to her face; Tru. rubs her hands.*)

*Rush.* (reassuringly) Do not be alarmed, my friends, Mrs. Rushville has a nervous trouble, and these attacks frequently occur.—(*Mrs. R. struggles less violently; ceases to writhe with body; but groans, moves her arms and hands as if she were clutching, holding and pushing a pillow. Shows her teeth, stares, distorts her face and has a fixed expression of anguish, rage and horror. Speak the lines in a low, guttural voice, or a loud, hoarse whisper. Pronounce each word distinctly. Lil. and Tru. support her throughout.*)

*Tru.* She suffers.

*Lil.* Yes; I was expecting this, Truman.

*Mrs. R.* (as above):

No pain? Why do you moan and clutch and writhe?
No sin? What is this brutal, savage deed?
No hell? Then where do devils dwell? the fiends,
Whose vile, unchangeable, and frightful souls
Forever gloat on horrid scenes and crimes!

(*She has a paroxysm of hysteria—distorted face, writhing and muffled screams. Group stare and shudder.*)

*Bur.* (toward Rush.) Father, what does she mean?

*Rush.* (puts his arm around Bur. Both to R. C.) Wait! (he points at Mrs. R.) Death stares at me with that woman's face.

*Lil.* (tenderly) Mother, do you know me? This is Lilian.

*Twist.* (sadly) When will the doctors use the power of Christ? Hell is the birth-place of every disease.

*Mrs. R.* (as in her lines above):

Your bony hands are strong; they beg for breath (clenches her)
And tear like claws. Why, you can get no air! (teeth.)
Relent? repent? no, ha! you're still—not quite!

(*She pauses, then speaks slower and slower.*)

Your heart is beating—thump! yes, thump—thump—there!

(*Closes her eyes, hands fall; speaks with a pause between each word.*)

Rushville—you—are—doomed—I—

(*She relaxes and lies limp, as if asleep, eyes closed, face composed. Rush rings the bell. Central group lean over and look intently at Mrs. R.*)

*Rush.* (to Bur.) Do you understand it now?

*Bur.* Yes; she smothered her aunt.

*Rush.* (fear and surprise—impressively) And, Burly, she has selected my neck for her knife.

*John.* (at C. D.) Here, Mr. Rushville.

*Rush.* John, bring an assistant and a stretcher. (*Exit John; the semi-circle breaks, form two lines R. and L. of central group. Enter John and servant with stretcher to group. Rush., Tru. and servants place Mrs. R. on stretcher; servants start to C. D.*)

*Rush.* (continuing) Place Mrs. Rushville in charge of her lady assistants. (exit servants with Mrs. R.) My wife is in a comatose state. She has a serious nervous disorder. My friends, what she has said is not significant; her disease gives her words a morbid and tragic import.

*Bur.* Heredity jumped over Lilian, and hit me; for she is kind, but the devil is ashamed of my brutality. (*Rush puts his arm around Lil. They go to lower R. C. Everybody looks at them.*)

*Rush.* Lilian!

*Lil.* Father.

*Rush.* (gentle and pleading) Mrs. Rushville and I
Must part; but let me stay with you, my child.
I was not alway thus—a cruel man;
'Twas murder made me so: it haunted me.
I saw my father murdered in the chair; (Lil. starts)
Then I became revengeful, stern and cold.
But you are merciful—a child of love;
And you may lead me up to hope and joy,
And teach me truths which will sustain my soul
When I shall stand before Almighty God.
The soft, subduing, mild and holy touch
Of Innocence, which sweeps the hardest hearts,

Like harps celestial in seraphic hands,—
Lilian, this can help an erring man!
Let me remain!

*Lil.* (kissing him):

Yes, father, welcome; you will live with me;—
And Twisted, the brilliant, wonderful man
Becomes my brother; thus, indeed, I'm blessed.
Listen, my father:—
Our souls are modeled by our thoughts and deeds.
When Pity moves you, clasp her to your breast;
Accept her counsel, do her kindly deeds.

(*They go to C. Lil. takes Tru. and Twist's hands and leads them to Rush.; they shake hands, then stand in line thus: Rush., Tru., Twist., Lil., in front. Others form a semi-circle with Dry and Bur. at its lower ends.*)

*Lil.* (pointing at Rush., Tru. and Twist. in turn) There is the man of the past; here is the man of the present,—and next to him stands The Man of the Future.

*Twist.* The past is the father of the present and the future.

*Lil.* (facing audience):

Old Time rolls up the curtain of his stage,
And calls his characters to startling scenes.
Invention climbs the peaks to meet the morn;
Achievement sets his face toward the stars;
The giant, Labor, leads his brawny ranks
In order beautiful over bloodless fields,—
And Progress wakes the world with trumpet tones.
Above the throng, serene, sublimely calm,
Towers the climax of the human race,
The Genius of the Centuries—look!
He comes! he comes! the spiritual man.

*All.* (in chorus) THE MAN OF THE FUTURE!

*Lil.* (pointing at Twist.) He's with us now.

*All.* (same—bowing to Twist.) The angel man. (*Orchestra sounds several loud and long chords. Bring out full power of the Orchestra.*)

(CURTAIN.)

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